

New York Tribune.

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The Country Has Made an End of Wilson and Wilsonism.

Nothing can explain away the real significance of Tuesday's election. So far as the country at large was concerned there was only one issue. Even the Democratic Congressional Committee recognized that when it put in big letters on the front cover of the Democratic campaign book: "Thank God for Wilson." Every Democratic candidate who thought he was in danger tried to get a certificate of character from the President. The voters everywhere were asked to pass on the record made by the Wilson administration.

Their answer is decisive. Control of the House of Representatives may not have been absolutely taken out of Democratic hands. But a Democratic majority over all of 149 and a plurality of 190 over the straight Republicans have nearly vanished, and it looks now as if the anti-Democratic elements would have strength enough to keep Democratic activities down to a minimum in the next house. In any event, the lower branch of Congress has ceased to be a pliant instrument for rubber-stamping legislation prepared at the White House.

Mr. Wilson's defeat in the second year of his term is as crushing for all practical purposes as were the mid-term defeats which overtook President Taft in 1910, President Cleveland in 1894, President Harrison in 1890 and President Arthur in 1882. Those catastrophes portended the expulsion of the party in power at the next Presidential election. Unless the precedents of the last forty-two years are to be reversed, the Democratic party will go out of power again in 1916. Mr. Bryan had evidently more of a prophetic instinct than he has been credited with when he put an endorsement of the one-term principle into the last Democratic national platform.

According to the popular judgment, Mr. Wilson's administration has been a failure. And the popular judgment is generally final in such matters. It is easy to see wherein the President failed. His radical mistake from the political point of view was in not realizing that he was the choice of a minority of the nation. He went into office only because the elements which had long constituted the majority split on a question of party administration. He had a fortuitous majority in Congress and proceeded to make use of it as if he had obtained a real grant of power from the people. He kept Congress in session for eighteen months without a break and imposed on the country a vast mass of legislation for which it felt he had never received a proper popular mandate.

Mr. Wilson's attitude of absolute self-sufficiency grated on the public. He may have been justified in treating his followers in Congress with patronizing indifference. But his air of academic detachment and professorial benevolence irritated the majority elements which had let him slip into office on sufferance. Instead of holding them apart, as a good politician would have done, he drove them more and more together by his excessive and destructive legislative activities. To him must be awarded the chief credit for fusing together again the Republican and Progressive parties. The leaders of these parties did not welcome fusion and did little to bring it about. Many of them actually fought against it. But Mr. Wilson's attempts to dislocate the machinery of business, upsetting credit, harassing trade and production and promoting unemployment forced the opposition elements to recombine in order to teach him a lesson. He was not a victim of circumstances beyond his control, but the more or less conscious architect of his own misfortunes.

The country rebelled at that peculiar aloofness in Mr. Wilson's character which made him willing to experiment with the whole structure of business life, regardless of the losses and suffering which might come to hundreds of thousands of individuals. Those disarrangements gave him little personal concern. He drove credit into its hiding places, crippled industry and trade and threw men out of work with no more feeling than he would have shown in working out a problem in algebra.

He allowed Congress to elaborate plans for recasting methods of business, even after the depression caused by tariff legislation had become acute. He permitted the railroads to be starved, although confessing that if they were not prosperous few other industries could be expected to prosper. Last summer he began to realize the danger of his course. But it was too late. The Interstate Commerce Commission handed down its farcical rate decision on August 1, on the same day the European war broke out. The President could not undo the harm that had been done or save the country from the effects of the darkening period of hard times which his policies had brought on.

To cause hard times or to aggravate them after they arrive is a capital offence in American politics. Mr. Wilson should have profited from Mr. Cleveland's experiences in the latter's second Presidential term. He chose to ignore them, and is now beginning to pay the penalty for a too blind confidence in himself. The country having repudiated him, his own party is likely to weary of him, as it did of Mr. Cleveland after 1894. The latter did not become a candidate for re-nomination in 1896. Maybe Speaker Champ Clark was right when he intimated at a dinner in Baltimore last winter that it was in the stars that he would be the next Democratic candidate for President.

For the Relief of Murphy.

There really ought to be formed a Committee for the Relief of Murphy. "The Chief" is not likely to cease to be well-nourished physically, even in this hard winter, so long as Delmonico's does business, but his political pay for many months to come won't be strong enough to disturb the most weakened organization.

Murphy's plight raises a nice sociological problem. What should the community do with its discarded and superannuated bosses? It is idle to argue that the people have no responsibility in the matter; they have. It is only by their favor that these bosses exist and grow into the habits of ease and power which characterize them while the public smiles. There is no fairness, no justice, in sending them from the heights into the gutter. Society must find a place for them, and meantime what social justice now does not do ought to be done through charity. The suggestion for a Committee for the Relief of Murphy is renewed.

The Party's "Place in the Sun."

It is the Republican party's place in the sun, not that of the old reactionary bosses that was won on Tuesday. This is the party's opportunity, not that of Barnes, Penrose and their kind. If the bosses treat it as their own then they will invite a repetition of 1912, for the people punish unprofitable servants swiftly. Colonel Roosevelt is still sprawling alongside of "Bill" Sulzer. President Wilson is sternly rebuked. The short space of two years is enough to restore a party whose capacity to survive was seriously debated a few months ago, and to leave only the scattered fragments of another which had been hopefully spoken of as a possible major party of the future.

The old, slow process of waiting for the deluge and meanwhile defying public opinion is gone, along with many things that belonged to more stable times. There is now a deluge every two years, or every year if it suits the purpose of the voters. The one consoling fact about these deluges is that they are mostly just. The Colonel deserved what he got. The President deserved what he got. We hope that the Republican party will deserve what it got.

But it will not deserve what it got if it permits the men who were rejected in 1912 to become once again prominent in its councils. Voters who left the party once may easily leave it again if bad leadership once more turns their stomachs. And let no one suppose that the Progressives have come back for the purpose of making a Roman holiday for Barnes and Penrose.

The men who left the party to strike at the reactionary bosses came back to it to strike at Wilson. They can be kept in it. They can be alienated from it in such numbers as to make 1916 another overturn. It is up to the progressive element in the Republican party. Tuesday's victory was not a victory for reaction, though reaction came riding in along with the procession.

Governor Glynn Must Act on the Sing Sing Scandal.

Governor Glynn still has two months to serve. He has no possible political obligations to any person or organization now that the campaign is over. He has on his hands a prison scandal which originated under his administration and because of its gross outrageousness helped materially to defeat him. For his own good name the Governor ought now to dig under the political whitewash and get down to a real investigation of this mess.

McCormick, the politician-warden primarily responsible for laxity at Sing Sing, has been dismissed. That is not enough. If McCormick was guilty, Riley, the Superintendent of Prisons, who concurred in McCormick's actions, was equally guilty, and should go, too. It will not take much examination of the case by the Governor to disclose that. The depositors of the Union Bank, who have reason to believe that they have suffered grievous wrong through this Sing Sing scandal, which gave opportunity for converting securities belonging to the wrecked bank, have petitioned him for further action. The Governor cannot do less than probe this sore to the bottom.

More German Success at Sea.

The German navy has struck another blow, the heaviest yet, at the British fleet. The sea fight off the coast of Chile, in hurricane weather, is the most stirring episode of the war at sea and far away its most important engagement. The confidence which the victory will arouse in the Kaiser's crews as well as the alarm which all England must now feel may have far-reaching effects.

The strategy which assembled the German fleet in considerably superior force was the greatest accomplishment of all, in many respects. Rear Admiral Craddock's fleet of three cruisers rounded the Horn with the purpose of hunting down and destroying the several German cruisers which had been operating at various spots in the Southern Pacific. Probably a union with the British-Japanese fleet, reported heading southward, was contemplated. Admiral Graf von Spee not only gathered his fleet together by wireless, but succeeded in intercepting the enemy before its strength could be augmented.

It is easy to understand the basis of the German victory by a comparison of the large guns on each side. The German ships had sixteen S2 guns as against two S2 guns on the Good Hope. Gunfire opened at a range of six miles, and until the British ships closed in to a distance of four miles the Germans possessed a terrific advantage in weight of metal. The honors are with the German gunners none the less, for accurate aim in face of the heavy weather was necessary to make their advantage effective, and their achievement, sinking the Monmouth out of hand and sending the Good Hope off in desperate straits, tells its own story. The failure of British gunnery to do any serious damage is even more remarkable.

If the German shells on the beach of Yarmouth are added to this faraway combat in Western waters below the line, the menace to British naval supremacy and to the inviolability of the British Isles looms up in very real and threatening form.

The Conning Tower

VOTES FOR WOMEN!

To Sodom and Gomorrah, where the women didn't vote, Destruction came—you know the rest—we do not need to quote.

Woman suffrage was defeated in Ohio, Nebraska and Missouri—which commonwealths may have voted against it. Steam-engine if that had been balloted upon.

WHEN GREEK MEETS VIVIANNE.

DULCINEA: Isn't this war terrible?
VIVIANNE: Yes, I get as tired of it as a barrel of monkeys. If they'd only quit it and have peace, I wouldn't call the Kaiser my aunt! There he is, looking as if butter wouldn't melt in his face, and then he's flying around like a shirt on a bean pole.

DULCINEA: And that poor little Belgium! Why, she didn't do anything! And those awful Zeppelins—

VIVIANNE: I wouldn't look up at one with the tongs! I'm as busy as a hill of beans in a tar-barrel knitting socks for the —

DULCINEA: Just think of one man making all this trouble! I wish somebody would —

VIVIANNE: Oh, he knows which side of his bread is all dough. But I'm as neutral as a hen with its head off.

DULCINEA: Oh, I'm neutral too. Why I don't care which nation licks (name of country deleted by censor).

VIVIANNE: Laugh, and the world's a small place after all. But the hand that rocks the cradle could carry a message to Garcia, and it makes me grin like Job's Turkey —

DULCINEA: And think how often we read Mr. Darby's account of those German troops marching through Brussels to the —

VIVIANNE: Yes, as our own General Shafter said, War is Hell to pay, and not a dish washed!

C. W.

It spoils Carolyn's whole day when otherwise good writers use "infer" for "imply" and—more rarely—"imply" for "infer."

It always astonishes us to realize that there are folks who say "trite" when they mean "terse."

About an hour after we had recorded our distaste for "between each act," we were faring homeward in the subway, reading Mr. Wells's "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman." And we bumped up against "Three sturdy little girls, with a year step between each of them."

Mr. Wells is careless about such things, and he is big enough to be. And he can't read his proofs with much diligence or attention, either. No matter who publishes his books, they are usually full of avoidable typographical errors. . . . But gosh! how the feller can write!

FIVE-POINT STUFF.

Sir: To be perfectly frank with you, I do not like the one state type you are using in your Tower now. I have been talking it over with Dulcy and she agrees with me that it would be much better if you gave us quality and didn't bother so much about the quantity part. And incidentally I might add that my notion of the ideal newspaper is one that prints the criticisms of its readers, even if it does not lead them.

HONEST ABE.

Even if it doesn't correct "Incidentally," too?

DRAMATIC AND MOTION PICTURE RIGHTS RESERVED.

Sir: The sport writer who will pay a good round price may use this Yale Bowl cogno: The Cup that Cheers.

G. B. M.

THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

The Wanderlust has lured me
From the city to the plain;
Oh, bitterly I've cursed it,
But it's calling me again.

How often it has brought me
From my home of happy ease;
How often it has cast me
Upon the seven seas.

But—the Wanderlust is calling,
And it's forcing me to go;
I've already gone to Yonkers
And I'm off to Tuckaboe.

HUGH LEAMY.

Red Cross Nurses Return from Flanders with Pitiable Stories.—Tribune headline.

"I get lots of that kind," writes Old Ed Allen, who has just been appointed editor of a certain magazine, "since I began to edit 'Lippincott's.'"

The Trio Try a Triolet.

*(The Modest Triple Violet.)
After Freddie penned his line,
Sir: For Sale—A Democratic Rooster. On account of new chicken law, he is not allowed to crow, but he can eat some. Apply at Murphy's Farm, East 14th st.

After Freddie penned his line,
Morrie—he wrote this one.
This is Irwin's. Ain't it fine?
After Freddie penned his line,
Morrie was the next to sign.

Think you he would miss one?
After Freddie penned his line,
Morrie—he wrote this one.

Comme fal candor in a 125th street furniture store: "Our salesmen are salaried m. i. not working on a commission as in most stores. Therefore they have no reason to tell you only honest facts."

Race Suicide and the Remedy.

BY DR. DORA MARTIN OF JEFFERSON CITY, MO.
The Preventer was born in Missouri. Practiced medicine and taught in the State. She knows many unhappy homes. And fathers' and mothers' heartaches. And now she has returned to Missouri. And the rest of her life wants to stay. If the men will help start this movement. In the good old Missouri way.

Ten thousand clean men in Missouri
Are asked to send a dime right away.
And men who smoke have money to burn.
Can spare dollars to help, any day.
For all believe in clean fathers.
Of our animals, tame or wild.
And how much more we ought to think
Of the father of a little child.

We admit this poem is a long one.
But you know every word is truth,
And it comes from the heart of the author
In behalf of our American youth.
So please help in our work of prevention.
With our button, your coat adorn.
It stands for clean lives and happy homes
And that children shall be well born.
[THE END.]

NOTE: It didn't seem so to us, Doctor.—EDITOR CONNING TOWER.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

[From the Sun.]
COLLEGE GIRL wishes position in bachelor's apartment.
MORRIS, 20 West 98th st.

Our Whitman forecast ran as advertised.

Now for a white Christmas.

F. P. A.

WILLIAM II, THE CONQUEROR?

An Anecdote with a Moral for the Present.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Dating from young days spent in Europe, I have a recollection of a story that was current at the time of a visit of the present Kaiser of Germany with his mother, the Crown Princess of England, to the erratic boy's grandmother, Queen Victoria.

Admitted to the studies of his young English cousin, the subject happened to be William I and the Norman Conquest. He is reported at the time to have said, presumably in boyish fun, "I shall be William the Second of the German Conquest."

Can any of your readers recall this story and could alienists or psychologists determine whether such an impudent germ could lurk in a maddened brain to break out years later in an attempt at realization, through the insane family war of rulers now raging in Europe?

It surely opens up a vastly interesting field of thought on degeneracy in royal strains and family hatred.

New York, Nov. 2, 1914. L. S.

A Rooster for Sale.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Your "People's Column" in Saturday's paper contained a letter from one Mr. Ross, of Newark, N. J., who is either ignorant of what he writes, has been misinformed or willfully misrepresents conditions in our state. There is not one mill in all our state which has closed on account of our present drouth, except some "mills" over in the section referred to which furnished most of the "booze" for the straggling country.

Neither have any of our "business men" had a "grouch on" except certain "business men" who once sold "booze" across the counter, and who are at present forced to earn a more honest living at a more honorable employment, but, of course, with reduced income.

No legitimate business has been hurt by our prohibitory law, but quite on the contrary, business is better everywhere, as far as the absence of "booze" affects business, and the absence surely does affect it. We have a working class that now has bank accounts, pays for its meat and groceries, wears better clothes, goes to church more and generally lives on a higher plane than it did in our former condition as a "wet" state, and we have all this just because certain "mills" do not now operate and certain other "business men" do not now get the people's money across the bar.

There is no danger to be anticipated from the moonshining business. It exists largely in the brain of the writer of the letter and nowhere else. To refer to our state as a "state of boots, belts and pistols" is to misrepresent it. We do not wear boots, our belts are worn exclusively to hold up the trousers, and with no holsters attached, and our pistol-toting law effectively prohibits or lands offenders in the penitentiary.

Prohibition has killed no town in our state, but it has given life to many by removing temptation from their people, so that they now prosper where they once suffered.

W. F. HOLWILL.

New York, Nov. 4, 1914.

John Burroughs's Letter.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I have been stirred to the depths by the earnest and manly letter of John Burroughs, in which he so eloquently sets forth the attitude of the American people toward Germany and the reasons therefor.

I understand better than ever why Theodore Roosevelt and John Burroughs are friends; they both have "the heart of gold and the temper of steel." The same lofty soul dwells in both. God bless them for their fearless patriotism.

W. F. HOLWILL.

New York, Nov. 4, 1914.

The Slowness of a Particularly Belated Parade.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Relative to the parades of last Wednesday and Saturday, I wish to offer a word of protest against the unusually long time that spectators who thronged the lower portion of the route were kept waiting. Of course, we all concede that a parade would not be a parade if it wasn't reasonably behind time, and merely to remonstrate against this customary delay would be futile, to say the least.

But since I happen to know that the cause of the greater part of the hour and a half that the public were kept waiting was entirely unnecessary, I do not hesitate to send you these few words of protest.

As soon as the head divisions of the parade turned into 59th st. they found it necessary to break ranks, and when Fifth av. was reached the old formations had to be remade, thus causing more delay. All loss of time could have been avoided if the company op-

erating the 59th st. crosstown cars had shown the same public spirit displayed by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company—this company suspended the operation of all buses along the avenue between the hours of 8-30 and 11-30 on both evenings. If the continuous running of these cars is essential to the city's needs, would it not be well in the future for the authorities in charge to select another crosstown street, one on which there are no surface cars to cause delays?

ALDEN D. GROFF.

New York, Nov. 2, 1914.

THE WEST VIRGINIA DROUTH.

Prohibition Has Helped, Not Hindered, Business.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Your "People's Column" in Saturday's paper contained a letter from one Mr. Ross, of Newark, N. J., who is either ignorant of what he writes, has been misinformed or willfully misrepresents conditions in our state. There is not one mill in all our state which has closed on account of our present drouth, except some "mills" over in the section referred to which furnished most of the "booze" for the straggling country.

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Prohibition has killed no town in our state, but it has given life to many by removing temptation from their people, so that they now prosper where they once suffered.

W. F. HOLWILL.

New York, Nov. 4, 1914.

You May.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: May I venture to augment the popular Republican slogan, "Thank God for Wilson and The New York Tribune"? Congratulations on your sturdy course.

NATHANIEL SINDEN.

New York, Nov. 4, 1914.

The South and England.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: General Hughes, of the Canadian militia, reports that 61,000 citizens of the United States wish to enlist in the Canadian army which is to be sent to Europe to fight the Germans, and that most of them are Southerners. Well, why shouldn't the South help England? Did not England help the South during the Civil War, and did not hundreds of thousands of Germans fight in the Union armies and help overthrow the Confederacy? You cannot blame the Southerners for wishing to repay the English for their help and at the same time take revenge on the Germans for the great aid they gave to the Union cause.

BENEDICT PRIETH.

New York, Nov. 2, 1914.

Maidens and Cities.

Hessians in the Revolution and Germans To-day.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: To the Germans in America who are so incredulous of the stories of German outrages upon Belgian women I would recommend that they read that chapter in Woodrow Wilson's History of the United States which describes the treatment of American women by Hessians during the Revolutionary War, which aroused such rage among the colonists. If they complain that this is "made in America" I would call to their remembrance the "Soldiers' Song" in Goethe's "Faust" and lest they are not familiar with it I quote a few lines:

"Maidens and cities must give themselves up," appears to have been the immortal slogan of German soldiers, according to their greatest poet.

A German woman travelling with me from Aix-la-Chapelle to Cologne some years ago, in the course of a conversation said: "German men are brutes." At Heidelberg I saw a lusty student in the university there parading the streets with his face bedecked with strips of plaster to cover sword cuts of a recent duel and followed by a group of fellow students adoring him for his "courage and manliness." That is the ideal cultivated at one of their leading universities.

The blood of Revolutionary forefathers is in my veins, and during this war it has become so stirred that if the anger of a woman could slay there

would not be a male German left in the world.

MARGARET R. BRADSHAW.

Washington, Nov. 2, 1914.

THE COURAGE OF NEUTRALITY.

Italy Is Urged to Maintain Her Present Aloofness.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: The policy of neutrality is not always based on the low and selfish motive of letting other nations pour out their blood and treasure while others stand back, unhurt, to pick up some spoils. It takes courage to hold one's self back under constant provocation. It is no easy matter to feel one's hesitation stigmatized as weakness and a nation's patience taken advantage of at every turn. All neutral countries have to pass through the same scorching fire of misconception and false criticism.

In the resignation of the Italian Cabinet Italy comes face to face with a fearful problem. Let us hope that she will maintain her position of simply defending her rights, when they are threatened by neighbors who seek to have lost their wits entirely in their love of a fight. Italy could do little good to the others, no matter on which side she cast her choice. Her resources both of men and money have been heavily taxed by her late wars in Tripoli and Cyrenaica. And beyond all, Italy has at present a King and a government whose first thought is for the people; to raise them gradually out of the poverty of former bad rule and internal ignorance. Italy as a nation is only fifty years old, and she can't afford to weaken her people or deplete her treasury. Let her learn now the greatest lesson of all for both individuals and nations—self-control—and to keep out of a "shindy" when she can do no good in it. Her neutrality, as it now is, is far more honorable than to add herself to that great disgrace of all time—a war of all against one, and if Trentino and Trieste should come again under her rule it would be only a just reward for the courage of her neutrality.

E. W. S.

New York, Nov. 2, 1914.

THE WHEEL IN NATURE.

Mr. Chesterton's Praise of Man as Its Inventor Is Challenged.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Will you allow me to correct a scientific error in a sentence in the article on Barbarism, by G. K. Chesterton, in your issue of this date? It may not seem of very great importance at first sight, and yet a fact is of prime importance, per se.

The error is in the following sentence: "The promise, like the wheel, is unknown in nature, and is the first mark of man." How extended this erroneous notion may be I do not know, but the wheel in much higher mechanical excellence than at present known to human skill is found in nature.

If Mr. Chesterton or any of your staff will come to my office I will be glad to show under the microscope wheels of the highest mechanical excellence, clogged both inside and outside the rim.

They require a high power of magnification to be seen, but no human skill could excel, or possibly even equal, their perfection. There is a small worm to be found on careful search in the sands on the seashore belonging to the radiate form of the animal kingdom called the chirodita. This little worm is about an inch long, the thickness of a match, pink in color, and covered with dark spots, not too plainly seen by the naked eye. These spots, when properly observed, reveal themselves under the microscope as consisting of hundreds of the most exquisitely constructed wheels that the human eye can ever look upon.

I hope Mr. Chesterton may no longer hand down, at least, this error he evidently entertains as a creed through any later literature. If he wishes it shattered as a creed I can furnish him with indisputable proof of its error.

KENNETH F. JUNOR.

Brooklyn, Oct. 31, 1914.

MAIDENS AND CITIES.

Hessians in the Revolution and Germans To-day.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: